

At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them : here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad , and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle ,
One look'd all rosetree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars ;
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
About it , this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors ;
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks ;
Each, its own charm ; and Edith's everywhere ;
And Edith ever visitant with him,
He but less loved than Edith, of her poor .
For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kinder than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy

Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored ;
He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp
Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
A childly way with children, and a laugh
Ringing like proven golden coinage true,
Were no false passport to that easy realm,
Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,
Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
Heard the good mother softly whisper “ Bless,
God bless ’em , marriages are made in Heaven ”

A flash of semi-jealousy clear’d it to her.
My lady’s Indian kinsman unannounced
With half a score of swarthy faces came.
His own, tho’ keen and bold and soldierly,
Sear’d by the close ecliptic, was not fair ,
Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,
Tho’ seeming boastful : so when first he dash’d
Into the chronicle of a deedful day,
Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
Of patron “ Good ! my lady’s kinsman ! good ! ”
My lady with her fingers interlock’d,
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,
Call’d all her vital spirits into each ear
To listen : unawares they flitted off,
Busying themselves about the flowerage
That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,

The meteor of a splendid season, she,
 Once with this kinsman, ah so long ago,
 Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days :
 But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him
 Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life :
 Till Leolin, ever watchful of her eye,
 Hated him with a momentary hate.
 Wife-hunting, as the rumour ran, was he ·
 I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd
 His oriental gifts on everyone
 And most on Edith · like a storm he came,
 And shook the house, and like a storm he went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly
 He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return
 When others had been tested) there was one,
 A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it
 Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself
 Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
 Made by a breath I know not whence at first,
 Nor of what race, the work , but as he told
 The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves
 He got it ; for their captain after fight,
 His comrades having fought their last below,
 Was climbing up the valley ; at whom he shot ·
 Down from the beetling crag to which he clung
 Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,
 This dagger with him, which when now admired

By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,
Tost over all her presents petulantly
And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying
"Look what a lovely piece of workmanship!"
Slight was his answer "Well—I care not for it:"
Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,
"A gracious gift to give a lady, this!"
"But would it be more gracious" ask'd the girl
"Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady?" "Gracious? No," said he.
"Me?—but I cared not for it. O pardon me,
I seem to be ungraciousness itself."
"Take it" she added sweetly, "tho' his gift,
For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,
I care not for it either;" and he said
"Why then I love it:" but Sir Aylmer past,
And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard

The next day came a neighbour Blues and reds
They talk'd of. blues were sure of it, he thought
Then of the latest fox—where started—kill'd
In such a bottom: "Peter had the brush,
My Peter, first:" and did Sir Aylmer know
That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?
Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand,

And rolling as it were the substance of it
Between his palms a moment up and down—
“The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon
him ;
We have him now .” and had Sir Aylmer heard—
Nay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—
This blacksmith border-marriage—one they knew—
Raw from the nursery—who could trust a child ?
That cursed France with her egalities !
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially
With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think—
For people talk'd—that it was wholly wise
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk
So freely with his daughter ? people talk'd—
The boy might get a notion into him ,
The girl might be entangled ere she knew.
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke
“The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences !”
“Good,” said his friend, “but watch !” and he
“Enough,
More than enough, Sir ! I can guard my own.”
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house
Had fallen first, was Edith that same night ;
Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece
Of early rigid colour, under which
Withdrawing by the counter door to that

Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon him
A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one
Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
And pelted with outrageous epithets,
Turning beheld the Powers of the House
On either side the hearth, indignant ; her,
Cooling her false cheek with a featherfan,
Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,
And, like a beast hard-riden, breathing hard.
"Ungenerous, dishonourable, base,
Presumptuous ! trusted as he was with her,
The sole succeder to their wealth, their lands,
The last remaining pillar 'of their house,
The one transmitter of their ancient name,
Their child. " " Our child ! " " Our heiress ! " " Ours !"
for still,

Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
Her sicklier iteration. Last he said
" Boy, mark me ! for your fortunes are to make.
I swear you shall not make them out of mine.
Now inasmuch as you have practised on her,
Perplext her, made her half forget herself,
Swerve from her duty to herself and us—
Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,
Far as we track ourselves—I say that this—
Else I withdraw favour and countenance
From you and yours for ever—shall you do.
Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see her—

No, you shall write, and not to her, but me :
And you shall say that having spoken with me,
And after look'd into yourself, you find
That you meant nothing—as indeed you know
That you meant nothing. Such a match as this !
Impossible, prodigious !” These were words,
As meted by his measure of himself,
Arguing boundless forbearance : after which,
And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, “ I
So foul a traitor to myself and her,
Never oh never,” for about as long
As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused
Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying
“ Boy, should I find you by my doors again,
My men shall lash you from them like a dog ,
Hence !” with a sudden execration drove
The footstool from before him, and arose ,
So, stammering “ scoundrel ” out of teeth that ground
As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man
Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face
Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,
Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,
Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly, and conscious of..the rageful eye

That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door
Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,
Went Leolin ; then, his passions all in flood
And masters of his motion, furiously
Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,
And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear :
Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed .
The man was his, had been his father's, friend .
He must have seen, himself had seen it long ;
He must have known, himself had known : besides,
He never yet had set his daughter forth
Here in the woman-markets of the west,
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.
Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin to him.
“ Brother, for I have loved you more as son
Than brother, let me tell you : I myself—
What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?
Jilted I was : I say it for your peace
Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame
The woman should have borne, humiliated,
I lived for years a stunted sunless life ;
Till after our good parents past away
Watching your growth, I seem'd again to grow.
Leolin, I almost sin in envying you :
The very whitest lamb in all my fold
Loves you : I know her . the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
She must prove true : for, brother, where two fight,

The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,
And you are happy . let her parents be."

But Leolin cried out the more upon them—
Insolent, brainless, heartless ! heiress, wealth,
Their wealth, their heiress ! wealth enough was theirs
For twenty matches. Were he lord of this,
Why twenty boys and girls should marry on it,
And forty blest ones bless him, and himself
Be wealthy still, ay wealthier He believed
This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made
The harlot of the cities : nature crost
Was mother of the foul adulteries
That saturate soul with body. Name, too ! name,
Their ancient name ! they *might* be proud ; its worth
Was being Edith's Ah how pale she had look'd
Darling, to-night ! they must have rated her
Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-lords,
These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
Who had muldew'd in their thousands, doing nothing
Since Egbert—why, the greater their disgrace !
Fall back upon a name ! rest, rot in that !
Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler ? fools,
With such a vantage-ground for nobleness !
He had known a man, a quintessence of man,
The life of all—who madly loved—and he,
Thwarted by one of these old father-fools,
Had rioted his life out, and made an end.

He would not do it ' her sweet face and faith
Held him from that . but he had poweis, he knew it
Back would he to his studies, make a name,
Name, fortune too : the world should ring of him
To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves :
Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be—
“ O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief—
Give me my fling, and let me say my say.”

At which, like one that sees his own excess,
And easily forgives it as his own,
He laugh'd , and then was mute , but presently
Wept like a storm . and honest Averill seeing
How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd
His richest beeswing from a binn reserved
For banquets, praised the waning red, and told
The vintage—when *this* Aylmer came of age—
Then drank and past it ; till at length the two,
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed
That much allowance must be made for men.
After an angry dream this kindlier glôw
Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,
A perilous meeting under the tall pines
That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.
Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest
In agony, she promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her :

He, passionately hopefuller, would go,
Labour for his own Edith, and return
In such a sunlight of prosperity
He should not be rejected. "Write to me !
They loved me, and because I love their child
They hate me . there is war between us, dear,
Which breaks all bonds but ours ; we must remain
Sacred to one another." So they talk'd,
Poor children, for their comfort : the wind blew ;
The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt
Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went , and as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but smatteringly
In phrases here and there at random, toil'd
Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's room,
Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale, --
Old scandals buried now seven decads deep
In other scandals that have lived and died,
And left the living scandal that shall die--
Were dead to him already ; bent as he was

To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,
And prodigal of all brain-labour he,
Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,
Except when for a breathing-while at eve,
Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran
Beside the river-bank : and then indeed
Harder the times were, and the hands of power
Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men
Seem'd harder too ; but the soft river-breeze,
Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose
Yet fragrant in a heart remembering
His former talks with Edith, on him breathed
Far purer in his rushings to and fro,
After his books, to flush his blood with air,
Then to his books again My lady's cousin,
Half-sickening of his pension'd afternoon,
Drove in upon the student once or twice,
Ran a Malayan muck against the tides,
Had golden hopes for France and all mankind,
Answer'd all queries touching those at home
With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,
And fain had haled him out into the world,
And air'd him there · his nearer friend would say
"Screw not the chord too sharply lest it snap."
Then, left alone, he pluck'd her dagger forth
From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,
Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.
And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him

Approvingly, and prophesied his rise :
For heart, I think, help'd head : her letters too,
Tho' far between, and coming fitfully
Like broken music, written as she found
Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,
Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves
To sell her, those good parents, for her good.
Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
Might lie within their compass, him they lured
Into their net made pleasant by the baits
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.
So month by month the noise about their doors,
And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made
The nightly wiper of their innocent hare
Falter before he took it All in vain
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
So often, that the folly taking wings
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind
With rumour, and became in other fields
A mockery to the yeomen over ale,
And laughter to their lords . but those at home,
As hunters round a hunted creature draw
The cordon close and closer toward the death,

Narrow'd her goings out and comings in ,
Forbad her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,
Last from her own home-circle of the poor
They barr'd her yet she bore it : yet her cheek
Kept colour : wondrous ! but, O mystery !
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,
So old, that twenty years before, a part
Falling had let appear the brand of John—
Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree, but now
The broken base of a black tower, a cave
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.
There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-dust
Found for himself a bitter treasure-trove ;
Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read
Writhing a letter from his child, for which
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,
But scared with threats of jail and halter gave
To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits
The letter which he brought, and swore besides
To play their go-between as heretofore
Nor let them know themselves betray'd ; and then,
Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went
Hating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream

The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn
Aroused the black republic on his e'ms,
Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue brush'd
Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,
Seized it, took home, and to my lady,—who made
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,
Listless in all despondence,—read ; and tore,
As if the living passion symbol'd there
Were living nerves to feel the rent ; and burnt,
Now chafing at his own great self defied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn
In babyisms, and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary
Of such a love as like a chidden child,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last
Hopeless of answer · then tho' Averill wrote
And bad him with good heart sustain himself—
All would be well—the lover heeded not,
But passionately restless came and went,
And rustling once at night about the place,
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,
Raging return'd : nor was it well for her
Kept to the garden now. and grove of pines,
Watch'd even there ; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all,
Yet bitterer from-his readings once indeed,
Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her,
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly

Not knowing what possess'd him that one kiss
Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth ;
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,
Seem'd hope's returning rose · and then ensued
A Martin's summer of his faded love,
Or ordeal by kindness , after this
He seldom crost his child without a sneer ;
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies :
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word .
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
Save Christ as we believe him—found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past

Star to star vibrates light · may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own ?
So,—from afar,—touch as at once ? or why
That night, that moment, when she named his name,
Did the keen shriek “Yes love, yes, Edith, yes,”

Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,
And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,
With a weird bright eye, sweating and trembling,
His hair as it were crackling into flames,
His body half flung forward in pursuit,
And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer :
Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry ;
And being much befooled and idioted
By the rough amity of the other, sank
As into sleep again. The second day,
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
A breaker of the bitter news from home,
Found a dead man, a letter edged with death
Beside him, and the dagger which himself
Gave Edith, redlen'd with no bandit's blood :
"From Edith" was engraven on the blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon his death.
And when he came again, his flock believed—
Beholding how the years which are not Time's
Had blasted him—that many thousand days
Were clipt by horror from his term of life.
Yet the sad mother, for the second death
Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness of the first,
And being used to find her pastor texts,
Sent to the harrow'd brother, playing him
To speak before the people of her child,
And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that day rose :

Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods
Was all the life of it ; for hard on these,
A breathless burthen of low-folded heavens
Stifed and chill'd at once , but every roof
Sent out a listener · many too had known
Edith among the hamlets round, and since
The parents' harshness and the hapless loves
And double death were widely murmur'd, left
Their own gray tower, or plain-faced tabernacle,
To hear him ; all in mourning these, and those
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove
Or kerchief ; while the church,—one night, except
For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets,—made
Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd
Above them, with his hopes in either grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,
His face magnetic to the hand from which
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labour'd thro'
His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse, " Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate !"
But lapsed into so long a pause again
As half amazed half frightened all his flock :
Then from his height and loneliness of grief
Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart
Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad éarth became one sea,

Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,
And all but those who knew the living God—
Eight that were left to make a purer world—
When since had flood, fire, earthquake, thunder,
wrought

Such waste and havoc as the idolatries,
Which, from the low light of mortality,
Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of Heavens,
And worshipt their own darkness as the Highest?
“Gash thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Baal,
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.
Then came a Lord in no wise like to Baal.
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts '—
No coarse and blockish God of acreage
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him*; for thine
Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
The deathless ruler of thy dying house
Is wounded to the death that cannot die,

And tho' thou numberest with the followers
Of One who cried, "Leave all and follow me."
Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the two ;
Crueller : as not passing thro' the fire
Bodies, but souls—thy children's —thro' the smoke.
The blight of low desires—darkening thine own
To thine own likeness ; or if one of these,
Thy better born unhappily from thee,
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—
Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail !" she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.
For so mine own was brighten'd : where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway ? whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom ? The poor child of shame,
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,
As with the mother he had never known,

In gambols ; for her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones ;
How often placed upon the sick man's brow
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth !
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not ?
One burthen and she would not lighten it ?
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe ?
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,
And steal you from each other ! for she walk'd
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee !
And one—of him I was not bid to speak—
Was always with her, whom you also knew.
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.
And these had been together from the first ;
They might have been together till the last.
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge : hope with me.
Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame ?

Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,
"My house is left unto me desolate."

While thus he spoke, his hearers wept, but some,
Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than those
That knit themselves for summer shadow, scowl'd
At their great lord. He, when it seem'd he saw
No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd
Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,
Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldierlike,
Erect: but when the preacher's cadence flow'd
Softening thro' all the gentle attributes
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd his face,
Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth;
And "O pray God that he hold up" she thought
"Or surely I shall shame myself and him."

"Nor yours the blame—for who beside your hearths
Can take her place—if echoing me you cry
'Our house is left unto us desolate?'
But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
Doom upon kings, or in the waste 'Repent?'
Is not our own child on the narrow way,
Who down to those that saunter in the broad

Cries 'Come up hither,' as a prophet to us?
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—
No desolation but by sword and fire?
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.
Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,
Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,
Exceeding 'poor in spirit'—how the words
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean
Vileness, we are grown so proud—I wish'd my voice
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
To inflame the tribes . but there—out yonder—earth
Lightens from her own central Hell—O there
The red fruit of an old idolatry—
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,
They cling together in the ghastly sack—
The land all shambles—naked marriages
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.
Is this a time to madden madness then?
Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those
Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes

Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from all !
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it :
O rather pray for those and pity them,
Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd, bring
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—
Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
Which else had link'd their race with times to come—
Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good—
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death !
May not that earthly chastisement suffice ?
Have not our love and reverence left them bare ?
Will not another take their heritage ?
Will there be children's laughter in their hall
For ever and for ever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing
That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my race,
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried
Christ ere His agony to those that swore
Not by the temple but the gold, and made
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
And left their memories a world's curse—' Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate ? ' ”

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more :
Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,

Her cramped-up sorrow pain'd her, and a sense
Of meanness in her unresisting life.
Then their eyes vexed her ; for on entering
He had cast the curtains of their seat aside—
Black velvet of the costliest—she herself
Had seen to that : fain had she closed them now,
Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd
Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,
Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd
His face with the other, and at once, as falls
A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
The woman shrieking at his feet, and swoon'd.
Then her own people bore along the nave
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre face
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years :
And her the Lord of all the landscape round
Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd out
Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways
Stumbling across the market to his death,
Unpitied ; for he groped as blind, and seem'd
Always about to fall, grasping the pews
And oaken finials till he touch'd the door ;
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot stood,
Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.

But nevermore did either pass the gate

Save under pall with bearers. In one month,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
The childless mother went to seek her child ;
And when he felt the silence of his house
About him, and the change and not the change,
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors
Staring for ever from their gilded walls
On him their last descendant, his own head
Began to droop, to fall ; the man became
Imbecile ; his one word was " desolate ;"
Dead for two years before his death was he ,
But when the second Christmas came, escaped
His keepers, and the silence which he felt,
To find a deeper in the narrow gloom
By wife and child ; nor wanted at his end
The dark retinue reverencing death
At golden thresholds ; nor from tender hearts,
And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race,
Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.
Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms ;
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

SEA DREAMS.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred,
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant factoryed city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small.
Small were his gains, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep.
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,

To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day ; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel , where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed :
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
" Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel : " Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea ;
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world ;
He at his own : but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they came and paced the shore,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,
And rosed in the east : then homeward and to bed :
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,
Haunting a holy text, and still to that

Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
“Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,”
Said, “Love, forgive him :” but he did not speak ;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard thro’ the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail’d and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
“A wreck, a wreck !” then turn’d, and groaning said,

“Forgive ! How many will say, ‘forgive,’ and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer ! No ; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
Is it so true that second thoughts are best ?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first ?
Too ripe, too late ! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast

Something divine to warn them of their foes :
And such a sense, when first I fronted him,
Said, 'Trust him not ;' but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less ;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity ;
Sat at his table ; drank his costly wines ;
Made more and more allowance for his talk ;
Went further, fool ! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork - there is no such mine,
None ; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea roars
Ruin : a fearful night !"

"Not fearful ; fair,"

Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven
Can make it fair : you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams ?"

"O yes," he said, "I dream'd

Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness : then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,

“To live in !” but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
A high as heaven, and every bird that sings :
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.”

“That was then your dream,” she said,
“Not sad, but sweet.”

“So sweet, I lay,” said he,
“And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision ; for I dream’d that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk’d upon the brink :
I wonder’d at her strength, and ask’d her of it :
‘It came,’ she said, ‘by working in the mines :’
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought ;
And ask’d ; but not a word ; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder ; and we reach’d
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns ;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill

Trod out a path · I follow'd ; and at top
She pointed seaward : there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine : right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold : and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left ; and then I fear'd
Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off ;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life ; the woman honest Work ;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him.
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it ;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream :
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband ; "yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd

That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the books !'
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books !' but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death :
When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well ;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith ! We live by faith,' said he ;
'And all things work together for the good
Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow :
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you : then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife;
"So are we all : but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about

A silent court of justice in his breast,
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself
 The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd :
 And that drags down his life : then comes what
 comes
 Hereafter : and he meant, he said he meant,
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

" 'With all his conscience and one eye askew'—
 Love, let me quote these lines, that you may
 learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,
 Too often, in that silent court of yours—
 'With all his conscience and one eye askew,
 So false, he partly took himself for true ;
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye ;
 Who, never naming God except for gain,
 So never took that useful name in vain,
 Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
 And Christ, the bait to trap his dupe and fool ;
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
 And snake-like slined his victim ere he gorged ;
 And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
 Arising, did his holy oily best,
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
 To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.'
 How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,

"I loathe it : he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear *my* dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? Still
It awed me."



Then she told it, having dream'd
Of that same coast.

"—But round the North, a light,
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapour, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died, and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on those cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Living within the belt) whereby she saw
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one : and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
Slowly to music : ever when it broke
The statues, king or saint, or founder fell ;

Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, 'Set them up ! they shall not fall !'
And others 'Let them lie, for they have fall'n.'
And still they strove and wrangled : and she grieved
In her strange dream, she knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note ; and ever as their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, while none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together.

“ Then I fixt

My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the
stars,—

The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me :—well—but what are
dreams ?

Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.”

“Child? No!” said he, “but this tide’s roar, and
his,

Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung’d Antibabylonianisms
(Altho’ I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream : but if there were
A music harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream’d about,
Why, that would make our passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of
heaven :
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil !”

“ ‘ True ’ indeed !

One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore ;
While you were running down the sands, and
made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child. She brought strange
news.

Why were you silent when I spoke to-night ?
I had set my heart on your forgiving him
Before you knew. We *must* forgive the dead.”

‘ Dead ! who is dead ? ’

“The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.”

“Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!”

“Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her ‘little birdie?’ well then, sleep,
And I will sing you ‘birdie.’”

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

“She sleeps : let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong : forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder !”

Then the man,
“His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound :
I do forgive him !”

“Thanks, my love,” she said,
“Your own will be the sweeter,” and they slept.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

[This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio.

A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavours to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage ; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale]

HE flies the event : he leaves the event to me :
 Poor Julian—how he rush'd away ; the bells,
 Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart—
 But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
 As who should say “ Continue.” Well, he had
 One golden hour—of triumph shall I say ?
 Solace at least—before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his !
 He moved thro' all of it majestically—
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage-bells,
 Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
 I never ask'd : but Lionel and the girl
 Were wedded, and our Julian came again
 Back to his mother's house among the pines.
 But these, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
 The whole land weigh'd him down as Ætna does
 The Giant of Mythology : he would go,
 Would leave the land for ever, and had gone
 Surely, but for a whisper, "God not yet,"
 Some warning, and divinely as it seem'd
 By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
 As of the visions that he told—the event
 Glanced back upon them in his after life,
 And partly made them—tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her—
 No not for months : but, when the eleventh moon
 After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
 Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
 Would you could toll me out of life, but found—
 All softly as his mother broke it to him—
 A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
 For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
 Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse :
 All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
 And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
 They never nail a dumb head up in elm),

Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and
hale—

Not plunge headforemost from the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I stay'd for this;
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

“It was my wish,” he said, “to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal’d on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand.” And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss’d her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong
him,

He reverenced his dear lady even in death ;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
“O, you warm heart,” he moan’d, “not even death
Can chill you all at once :” then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. “Do I wake or sleep ?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more ?” It beat—the heart—it beat :
Faint—but it beat : at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown’d
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting a while to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,

So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life : she rais'd an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer : then she spoke
"Here ! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think)
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back :
Send ! bid him come ;" but Lionel was away—
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you."
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns.
"Stay then a little," answer'd Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself,
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour ; but send me notice of him

When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do *your* will, and none shall know."

~ Not know? with such a secret to be known.
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both ;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary :
And then he rode away ; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh.
There fever seized upon him : myself was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest an hour ;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for everything was vile)
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Rawing of dead men's dust and heating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush !
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life ;
And, tho' he loved and honour'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwelt in his fancy : did he know her worth,
Her beauty even ? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard ?

Suddenly came her notice and we past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul :
That makes the sequel pure ; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I : and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbour whistle answers him—
What matter ? there are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,
Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—
Oh ! such dark eyes ! and not her eyes alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms !
“ Kiss him,” she said. “ You gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you ! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too.”

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart ! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land for evermore ;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast : I never
Sat at a costler ; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one,

Great garlands swung and blossom'd ; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Moveable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—Ah heavens !
Why need I tell you all ?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest : and they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.

And just above the parting was a lamp :
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And might—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all .
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats ; but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use ,
And when the feast was near an end, he said .

“ There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honour those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom ”—

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—“ Beautiful !
Who could desire more beauty at a feast ? ”

The lover answer'd, “ There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not

Before my time, but hear me to the close
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honour'd to the uttermost
For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he
says,
'Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too

“But solve me first a doubt
I knew a man, nor many years ago ;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his
life?”

This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion—"body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all.
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seem'd no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,

That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in —I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose—
And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried; him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men ; who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

“My guests,” said Julian : “you are honour'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost : in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me ”
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,

Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like ;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like !"
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were
She skook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre !" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Ternble pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb !"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all—
"She is but dumb, because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now ;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss—
What ! shall I bind him more ? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him

That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing ? and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

“ Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart ”
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past thro’ his visions to the burial ; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall ;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment ; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said .

“ Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife ;
And were it only for the giver’s sake,
And tho’ she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back .
I leave this land for ever.” Here he ceased .

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd ,
Whereat the very babe began to wail ;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half-killing him
With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that turning to me
And saying, “ It is over : let us go ”—
There were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these
He past for ever from his native land ,
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

LUCRETII.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found
 Her master cold ; for when the morning flush
 Of passion and the first embrace had died
 Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,
 Yet often when the woman heard his foot
 Return from pacings in the field, and ran
 To greet him with a kiss, the master took
 Small notice, or austerely, for—his mind
 Half buried in some weightier argument,
 Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
 And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
 To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
 Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
 She brook'd it not ; but wrathful, petulant,
 Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
 Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
 To lead an errant passion home again
 And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
 And this destroy'd him ; for the wicked broth
 Confused the chemic labour of the blood,

And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape : he loathed himself ; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried :

“Storm in the night ! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing ; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

“Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what
dreams !

For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking : terrible ! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature , all her bonds
Crack'd ; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever : that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies

His function of the woodland but the next !
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—
Was it the first beam of my latest day ?

“ Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword,
Now over and now under, now direct,
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty ; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

“ Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee ? thine,
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,

In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

“Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

“Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughterhouse of Rome

“Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad,
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse—
Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth

The all-generating powers and genial heat
 Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood
 Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad*
 Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
 Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers :
 Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

“The Gods ! and if I go *my* work is left
 Unfinish'd—*if* I go. The Gods, who haunt
 The lucid interspace of world and world,
 Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
 Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
 Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
 Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
 Their sacred everlasting calm ! and such,
 Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
 Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
 Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods !
 If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
 Being atomic not be dissoluble,
 Not follow the great law ? My master held
 That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
 I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
 Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
 Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
 That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant ? I
 meant ?
 I have forgotten what I meant my mind

Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

“Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Delus, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—
Has mounted yonder ; since he never sware,
Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,
That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter , tales ! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit—nor knows he what he sees ,
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That clumb into the windy halls of heaven :
And here he glances on an eye new-born,
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain ,
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last ;
And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
And me, altho' his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods · but he that holds

The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age—and worst disease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of something foully done,
And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,
And blasting the long quiet of my breast
With animal heat and dire insanity ?

“ How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp
These idols to herself ? or do they fly
Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they
The basest, far into that council-hall
Where sit the best and statehest of the land ?

“ Can I not fling this horror off me again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,

At random ravage ? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men ?

“ But who was he, that in the garden snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods ? a tale
To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—
For look ! what is it ? there ? yon arbutus
Totters ; a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—
The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun ,
And here an Oread—how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her slippery sides,
And rosy knees and supple roundedness,
And budded bosom-peaks—who this way runs
Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,
Follows , but him I proved impossible ,
Twy-natured is no nature : yet he draws
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
That ever butted his rough brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender :
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him ; and she
Loathes him as well , such a precipitate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
Whirls her to me but will she fling herself,

Shameless upon me? Catch her, goatfoot : nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide ! do I wish—
What ?—that the bush were leafless ? or to whelm
All of them in one massacre ? O ye Gods,
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
From childly wont and ancient use I call—
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice, none
No larger feast than under plane or pine
With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
But now it seems some unseen monster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
Wrenching it backward into his ; and spoils
My bliss in being ; and it was not great ;
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life—
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end—
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,

Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—
What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
Not I, not he, who bears one name with her
Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of
kings,
When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which
breaks
As I am breaking now!

“ And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will
Thro' all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,

And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand . ay, surely : then it fails at last
And perishes as I must , for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
Thus—thus : the soul flies out and dies in the air.”

With that he drove the knife into his side :
She heard him raging, heard him fall , ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd : he answer'd, “ Care not
thou !
Thy duty ? What is duty ? Fare thee well ! ”

ODE ON THE DEATH OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore³
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow,
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate. resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that
blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
more.

V.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ,
He knew their voices of old
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;

With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ,
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,

And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ,
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ,
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ,
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ,
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the law world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall

For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent , yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife^a
With rugged maxims hewn from life ,
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII. ✓

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory .
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory .
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he his work is done
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure .
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,

Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain '
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,

Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears ·
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ,
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

My Lords, we heard you speak . you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far ,
That our free press should cease to brawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whatever we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise ;
But though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw ,
And yet, my Lords, not well . there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break ;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe : we *must* speak :
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore.

What ! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime ?

Shall we fear *him* ? our own we never fear'd.

From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,

We flung the burthen of the second James.

I say, we *never* feared ! and as for these,

We broke them on the land, we drove them on the
seas .

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse

In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—

Were those your sires who fought at Lewes ?

Is this the manly strain of Runnymede ?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,

Would hsp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous
fraud !

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race with naked coasts !
They knew the precious things they had to guard :
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget ?
We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade !"
 Charge for the guns !" he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd .
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,

THE CHARGE OF

Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd ·
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made :
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

I.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise the invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

II.

O silent father of our Kings to be
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

III.

The world-compelling plan was thine,—
And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and enginery,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,

Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine !
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
 Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
 The works of peace with works of war.

Is the goal so far away ?
Far—how far no tongue can say ;
Let us dream no dreams to-day

IV.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours ;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with
 all her flowers.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra !
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra !
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet !
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street !
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossom under her feet !
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers !
 Blazon your mottos of blessing and prayer !
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !
 Flames, on the windy headland flare !

Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire !
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own :
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra !

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, DUCHESS
OF ÉDINBURGH.

MARCH 7, 1874.

I.

THE Son of him with whom we strove for power—
Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain—
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain—
Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower,
Alexandrovna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow !
From love to love, from home to home you go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie Alexandrovna !

II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,
And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd ;
Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard ,

And all the sultry palms of India known,
Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea

On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent,

The Maoris and that Isle of Continent,

And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,

Marie Alexandrovna !

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty life !—

Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords ;

Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,

Alexandrovna !

For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,

And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow ;

But who love best have best the grace to know

That Love by right divine is deathless king,

Marie Alexandrovna !

IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger land,
 Where men are bold and strongly say their say ;—
 See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,
 As thou with thy young lover hand in hand
 Alexandrovna !

So now thy fuller life is in the west,
 Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor :
 Thy name was blest within the narrow door ;
 Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
 Marie Alexandrovna !

V.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again ?
 Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,
 The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
 Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
 Alexandrovna ?

But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
 And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul !
 And howsoever this wild world may roll,
 Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
 Alfred—Alexandrovna !

THE GRANDMOTHER.

I.

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like
a man.

And Willy's wife has written : she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy : he wouldn't take my advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadh't a head to manage, and drank himself into his
grave.

Pretty enough, very pretty ! but I was against it for one.
Eh !—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say,
is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock ;
Never a man could fling him : for Willy stood like a rock.
“ Here's a leg for a babe of a week ! ” says doctor ;
and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still
of his tongue !

I ought to have gone before him . I wonder he went
so young.

I cannot cry for him, Annie I have not long to
stay ;

Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far
away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie ? you think I am hard
and cold ;

But all my children have gone before me, I am so
old :

I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the
best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my
dear,

All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.

I mean your grandfather, Annie it cost me a world
of woe,

Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I
knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I
would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base
little liar !
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the
tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he
said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of
lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought
with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to
fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week
and a day ;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle
of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had
been !
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself
clean.

X

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

XI

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtsey and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

XIII

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet
moonshine :

"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name
is mine

And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well
or ill ;

But marry me out of hand : we two shall be happy
still."

XIV.

"Marry you, Willy !" said I, " but I needs must speak
my mind,

And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard
and unkind."

But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd,
"No, love, no ;"

Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded I wore a lilac gown ;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the
ringers a crown.

But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was
born,

Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and
thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.

There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.

I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife ;

But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :

I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.

For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn'.

But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :

Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way :

Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year ;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then
could have died .

I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his
side.

And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't
forget :

But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me
yet.

XX

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at
two,

Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like
you .

Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her
will,

While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing
the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing
to their team :

Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a
dream.

They come and sit by my chair. they hover about my
bed—

I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left
alive ;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and
ten ;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly
men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at
eve :
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and
so do I ;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long
gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us
sad ;
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be
had ;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life
shall cease ;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of
Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life , but I would not live it
again.

I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the
best

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my
flower ,
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an
hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the
next ,
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be
wext ?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over-
wise.
Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my
eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past
away.
But stay with the old woman now you cannot have
long to stay

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE

I.

WHEELER 'asta beân saw•long and mea liggîn' 'ere
aloan?

Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's
abeân an' agoan.

Says that I moant 'a naw moor aale: but I beant a
fool:

Git ma my aale, fur I beânt a-gooîn' to break my rule.

II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways
true.

Naw soort o' koind o' use to saay the things that a do
I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight sin' I beân 'ere,
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty
year.

III

Parson's a beàn loikewise, an' a sittin 'ere o' my bed.
"The amouhty's a taakin o' you to 'issén, my friend,"
a said,
An' a tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I
gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to
larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voated wi' Squoire an' choorch
an' staate,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur
deäd,
An' 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaay loike a buzzard-clock 't
ower my 'eäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd but I thowt a 'ad
summut to saay,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd
awaay.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barne ! tha knaws she laaid it to meä.
Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, shea.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun under-
stond ;
I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

VII.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it easy an'
freea
"The amoighty's a taakin o' you to 'issén, my friend,"
says 'eä.
I weant saay men be loiars, thaw summun said it in
'aaste :
But 'e reads wonn sarmin a weeak, an' I 'a stubb'd
Thurnaby waaste.

VIII.

D'ya moind the waaste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was
not born then ;
Theer wur a boggle in it. I often 'eerd um mysen ;
Moast loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eerd 'um aboot an'
aboot,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raaved an'
rembled 'um oot.

¹ Bittern

IX.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laaïd of 'is
faace

Doon i' the woïld 'enemies' afoor I coom'd to the
plaaice.

Noaks or Thumbleby—toaner 'ed shot 'um as deäd as
a naail.

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my
aale.

X.

Dubbut loook at the waaste: theer warn't not feeäd
for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' loook at it
now—

Warnt worth nowt a haacre, an' now theer's lots o'
feeäd,

Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it doon i' seeäd.

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it
at fall,

Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an'
all,

If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Mea, wi' haate oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond
o' my oän.

XII.

D^o godamoighty know what a's doing a-taakin' o'
mea?

I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean an' yonder a
pea;

An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear !

And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty
year.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taaen owd Joanes, as 'ant nor a 'aápoth o'
sense,

Or a mowt 'a taaen young Robins—a niver mended a
fence:

But godamoighty a moost taake mea an' taake ma
now

Wi' aaf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoalms to
plow!

XIV.

Look 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a
passin' boy,

Says to thessén naw doubt "what a man a bea sewer-
loy!"

Fur they knows what I beán to Squoire sin fust a
coom'd to the 'All;

I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy
hall.

XV.

Squaire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to
wroite,
For whoa's to howd the lond ater mea thot muddles
ma quot,
Sartin-sewer I bea, thot a weant niver give it to
Joânes,
Naw, nor a moant to Robins—a niver rembles the
stoâns.

XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap wi' is kittle
o' steam
Huzzin' an' maâzin' the blessed feâlds wi' the Devil's
oan team.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is
sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to
see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the
aâle?
Doctor's a 'toattler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd
taale;
I weânt break rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor
nor a floy;
Git ma my aale I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun
doy

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

I.

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canthers
awaay?

Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em
saay.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sa , thou's an ass for
thy paains :

Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy
braains.

II.

Woa—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam : yon's
parson's 'ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eather a man or
a mouse?

Time to think on it then ; for thou'll be twenty to weeak.¹

Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—let ma 'ear mysén speak.

III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee ;
Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she bean a tellin'
it me.

Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo'
parson's lass—

Noa—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us
thinks tha an ass.

IV.

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-daäy—they was
ringing the bells.

She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells,
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower
as blaws.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty
grows.

V.

Do'ant be stunt :² taäke time : I knaws what maäkes
tha sa mad.

¹ This week² Obstinate

Warn't I craazed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a
lad?

But I know'd a Quaaker feller as often 'as tow'd ma
this :

"Doànt thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny
is !"

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war . an' thy mother coóm
to 'and,

Wi' lots o' munny laaid by, an' a nicetish bit o'
land.

Maaybe she warn't a beauty:—I niver giv it a
thowt—

But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as
'ant nowt?

VII

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an she weant 'a nowt when 'e's
dead.

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle¹ her
bread .

Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weant nivir git
naw 'igher ;

An' 'e maade the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to
the shire.

¹ Earn

VIII

An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' 'Varsity debt,
Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em
yet.

An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noan to lend 'im
a shove,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd¹ yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e
married fur luvv

IX.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er
munny too,

Maakin' 'em goa together as they've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by 'cause o' 'er munny laaid
by?

Naay—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reason
why.

X.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boath on us
thinks tha an ass.

.Woa' then, propuppy, wil'tha?²—an ass as near as mays
nowt²—

Woa then, wil'tha? dangtha¹—the bees is as fell as
owt.³

¹ Or fow-welter'd,—said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.

² Makes nothing

³ The flies are as fierce as anything.

XI.

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead, lad, out o' the fence !

Gentleman burn ! what's gentleman burn ? is it shillins an' pence ?

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest

If it isn't the saame oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

XII.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' steals,

Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taakes their regular meals.

Noà, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meal's to be 'ad.

Taake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a bean a laazy lot.

Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt, leastways 'is munny was 'id.

But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén dead, an' 'e died a good
un, 'e did.

XIV.

L ok thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck comes out by
the 'ill !

Feyther ~~run~~ up to the farm, an' I runs up to the mill ,
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see ;
~~And~~ if thou marries a good un I'll leave the land to
thee.

XV.

~~—~~him's my noations, Sammy, wheerby I means to
stuck ;

But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leáve the land to
Dick.—

Coom oop, propatty, propatty—that's what I 'ears 'im
saay—

Propatty, propatty, propatty—canter an' canter awaay.

THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine ;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turb'ia show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road ;
 How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
 To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;
 Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
 Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;
Till in a narrow street and dim,
 I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,
Not the clipt palm of which they boast ;
 But distant colour, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green ;
 Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;
 And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould,
 A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours ;
 What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
 Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain ;
 Of rain at Reggìo, rain at Parma ;
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles ;
 Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
 The height, the space, the gloom, the glory !
A mount of marble, a hundred spires !

I climb'd the roofs at break of day ;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.

I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there

A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como , shower and storm and blast
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded ; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on The Lariano crept
To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall Agave above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splugen drew,
But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea ;

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold :
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nurseling of another sky

Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by :

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
 Godfather, come and see your boy.

Your presence will be sun in winter,
 Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
 Who give the Fiend himself his due,
 Should eighty-thousand college-councils
 Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
 At you, so careful of the right,
 Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
 (Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight ;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
 I watch the twilight falling brown
 All round a careless-order'd garden
 Close to the ridge of a noble down

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine :

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin ;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances ;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood ;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God ;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor ;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;

But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear ;
Nor pay but one, but come for many
Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.

WILL.

I.

O WELL for him whose will is strong !
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong .
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd

II

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,
 Recurring and suggesting still !
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,
 And o'er a weary sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
 Within was weeping for thee :
 Shadows of three dead men
 Walk'd in the walks with me,
 Shadows of three dead men and thou wast one of
 the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods :
 The Master was far away :
 Nightingales warbled and sang
 Of a passion that lasts but a day ;
 Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy
 lay.

Two dead men have I known
 In courtesy like to thee :
 Two dead men have I loved
 With a love that ever will be .
 Three dead men have I loved and thou art last of
 the three.

THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden-bower,
 And muttering discontent
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
 But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
 Till all the people cried,
 "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable :

He that runs may read.

Most can raise the flowers now,

For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,

And some are poor indeed ;

And now again the people

Call it but a weed.

REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die !
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home

“My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, ‘Stay for shame ;
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

“God help me ! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.”

THE ISLET.

“WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go,
For a score of sweet little summers or so?”
The sweet little wife of the singer said,
On the day that follow’d the day she was wed,
“Whither, O whither, love, shall we go?”
And the singer shaking his curly head
Turn’d as he sat, and struck the keys
There at his right with a sudden crash,
Singing, “And shall it be over the seas
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,
But a bevy of Eloses apple-cheek’d,
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak’d,
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,
A mountain islet pointed and peak’d;
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,

Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
Fairly-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
With many a rivulet high against the Sun
The facets of the glorious mountain flash
Above the valleys of palm and pine."

"Thither, O thither, love, let us go."

"No, no, no !

For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
There is but one bird with a musical throat,
And his compass is but of a single note,
That it makes one weary to hear."

"Mock me not ! mock me not ! love, let us go."

"No, love, no.

For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the tree,
And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,
That pierces the liver and blackens the blood ;
And makes it a sorrow to be."

THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

HERE, it is here, the close of the year,
 And with it a spiteful letter.
 My name in song has done him much wrong,
 For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
 If men neglect your pages ?
 I think not much of yours or of mine,
 I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times !
 Are mine for the moment stronger ?
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,
 I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief ;
 What room is left for a hater ?
 Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
 For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—is that your cry?

And men will live to see it.

Well—if it be so—so it is, you know ;

And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,

But this is the time of hollies.

O hollies and ivies and evergreens,

How I hate the spites and the follies !



LITERARY SQUABBLES.

AH God ! the petty fools of rhyme
 That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
 Before the stony face of Time,
 And look'd at by the silent stars :

Who hate each other for a song,
 And do their little best to bite
 And pinch their brethren in the throng,
 And scratch the very dead for spite :

And strain to make an inch of room
 For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
 The sullen Lethe rolling doom
 On them and theirs and all things here :

When one small touch of Charity
 Could lift them nearer God-like state
 Than if the crowded Orb should cry
 Like those who cried Diana great :

And I too, talk, and lose the touch
 I talk of. Surely, after all,
 The noblest answer unto such
 Is perfect stillness when they brawl,

THE VICTIM.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe ;
So thick they died the people cried,
“ The Gods are moved against the land.”
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand :
“ Help us from famine
And plague and strife !
What would you have of us ?
Human life ?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life.”

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.
 " The King is happy
 In child and wife ;
 Take you his dearest,
 Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill ;
The King was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
 The Priest beheld him,
 And cried with joy,
 " The Gods have answer'd :
 We give them the boy."

IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand ;
The mother said, "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land :
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea :
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?"

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee .
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judg'd for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear ;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well ;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell !"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won :
"We have his dearest,
His only son !"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
“Me, not my darling, no !”
He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking “*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest !” rush’d on the knife.
And the priest was happy,
“O, Father Odín,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer’d ;
We give them the wife !”

WAGES.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an end-
 less sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the
 wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory
 she :

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death : if the wages of Virtue be
 dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the
 worm and the fly ?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the
 just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer
 sky :

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and
the plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He
seems?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live
in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from
Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I
am I?"

Glory about thee, without thee ; and thou fulfillest thy
doom,

Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour
and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with
Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His
voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all, says the fool ;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in
a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see ;

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not
He ?

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

I.

THE voice and the Peak
Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

II.

All night have I heard the voice
Rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven,
Above thee glided the star.

III.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
That standest high above all?
"I am the voice of the Peak,
I roar and rave for I fall.

IV.

“A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West ;
They leave the heights and are troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest.

V.

“The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his bloom ;
But they—they feel the desire of the deep—
Fall and follow their doom.

VI.

“The deep has power on the height,
And the height has power on the deep ;
They are raised for ever and ever,
And sink again into sleep.”

VII.

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star
Pass, and are found no more.

VIII.

The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire ;
The peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

IX.

A voice below the voice,
And a height beyond the height !
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.

X.

The voice and the Peak
Far into heaven withdrawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn !

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true—no truer Time himself
 Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
 Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
 Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
 Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
 May trust himself; and after praise and scorn,
 As one who feels the immeasurable world,
 Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
 And after Autumn past—if left to pass
 His autumn into seeming-leafless days—
 Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
 Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
 Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

* The fruit of the Spindle tree (*Euonymus Europæus*)

BOÄDICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian
 legionaries
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and
 Druidess,
 Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce
 volubility,
 Gift by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony
 Cámulodúne,
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild
 confederacy.

“They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain’s
 barbarous populaces,
 Did they hear e, would they listen, did they pity me
 supplicating?
 Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to
 be supplicated?
 Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trino-
 bant!
 Must their ever-ravening eagle’s beak and talon
 annihilate us?
 Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gornly quiver-
 ing?
 Bark an answer, Britain’s raven! bark and blacken
 innumerable,

Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase
 a skeleton,
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilder-
 ness, wallow in it,
 Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated
 Lo their colony half-defended ! lo their colony,
 Cámulodúne !
 There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a
 barbarous adversary.
 There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous
 emperor-idiot.
 Such is Rome, and this her deity : hear it, Spirit of
 Cássivëlaún !

“ Hear it, Gods ! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian,
 O Coritanian !
 Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, •Catieuchlanian,
 Trinobant.
 These have told us all their anger in miraculous
 utterances,
 Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard
 aërially,
 Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an
 enemy massacred,
 Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous
 agonies.
 Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of
 horses and men ;

Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent
estuary ;

Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—
There was one who watch'd and told me—down their
statue of Victory fell.

Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony
Cámulodúne,

Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to
be pitiful?

Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it
amorously?

“Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Contanian,
Trinobant!

While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly
meditating,

There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical
ceremony,

Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible
prophetesses,

Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery
parapets!

Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering
enemy narrow thee,

Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be
the mighty one yet!

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to
be celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow
 illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming
 Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the
 battle-thunder of God,'
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon
 auguries happier?
So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a
 victory now.

 ‘Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian,
 Trinobant !
Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, me the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash’d
 and humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian
 violators !
See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in
 ignominy !
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to
 be satiated.
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony
 Cámulodúne !
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the
 flourishing territory,
Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted
 Britoness—

Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted,
inexorable.
Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian,
Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke
in a hurricane whirl'd.
Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of
Cúnobeline ! -
There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables
of ebony lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their tender
effeminacy.
There they dwelt and there they rioted , there—there
—they dwell no more.
Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works
of the statuary,
Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it
abominable,
Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,
Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and
humiliated,
Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains
of the little one out,
Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers,
trample them under us."

So the Queen Boadicéa, standing loftily charioted,
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances
lioness-like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her
fierce volubility.
Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous
lineaments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they
shiver in January,
Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and
blanch on the precipices,
Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on
a promontory.
So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid
unanimous hand,
Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter
tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy
fainted away.
Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous
agonies.
Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valourous
legionary.
Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam,
Cámulodúne.

IN QUANTITY.

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

Hexameters and Pentameters.

THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of
Homer :

No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in
England ?

When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon ?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters.

MILTON.

Alcaics.

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages ;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring, .
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Hendecasyllabics.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
All composed in a metre of Catullus,
All in quantity, careful of my motion,
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
Lest I fall unawares before the people,
Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
Should I flounder a while without a tumble
Thro' this metrification of Catullus,
They should speak to me not without a welcome,
All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty metre.
Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—
Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—
As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
Horticultural art, or half-coquette-like
Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE
ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE.

So Hector spake ; the Trojans roar'd applause ,
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge[†] of war
Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars

[†] Or, ridge

Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart :

So many a fire between the ships and stream

Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,

A thousand on the plain ; and close by each

Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,

Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

Iliad VIII 542-561.

THE WINDOW.

ON THE HILL.

THE lights and shadows fly !
 Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain
 A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye !
 Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her window pane.
 When the winds are up in the morning ?

Clouds that are racing above,
 And winds and lights and shadows that cannot be still,
 All running on one way to the home of my love,
 You are all running on, and I stand on the slope of
 the hill,
 And the winds are up in the morning !

Follow, follow the chase !
 And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on
 on, on.
 O lights, are you flying over her sweet little face ?

And my heart is there before you are come, and gone,
When the winds are up in the morning!
Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window pane of my
dear,
And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my
hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss.
Kiss, kiss—and out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Drop, a flower.

GONE.

Gone !

Gone, till the end of the year,

Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me in
shadow here !

Gone—flitted away,

Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the
day !

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air !
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not
where !

Down in the south is a flash and a groan : she is
there ! she is there !

WINTER.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite !
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite !
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair !
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and for ever.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's !
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my queen of the wrens !
You the queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens.
And all in a nest together.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask hêr to marry me by and by?
Somebody said that she'd say no,
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly;
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
And never a glimpse of her window-pane!
And I may die but the grass will grow,
And the grass will grow when I am gone,
And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,
 No is trouble and cloud and storm,
 Ay is life for a hundred years,
 No will push me down to the worm,
 And when I am there and dead and gone,
 The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet !

Wet west wind how you blow, you blow !
 And never a line from my lady yet !

Is it ay or no ? is it ay or no ?
 Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
 The wet west wind and the world may go on.

NO ANSWER.

Winds are loud and you are dumb,
 Take my love, for love will come,
 Love will come but once a life.
 Winds are loud and winds will pass !
 Spring is here with leaf and grass :
 Take my love and be my wife.
 After-loves of maids and men
 Are but dainties drest again :
 Love me now you'll love me then
 Love can love but once a life.

THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,
 Claspt on her seal, my sweet !
 Must I take you and break you,
 Two little hands that meet ?
 I must take you, and break you,
 And loving hands must part—
 Take, take—break, break—
 Break—you may break my heart.
 Faint heart never won—
 Break, break, and all's done.

AY.

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
 Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
 Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
 And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
 Why ?
 For it's easy to find a rhyme
 Look, look, how he flits,
 The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of the
 pine !
 Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits !
 “Cuck-oo ! Cuck-oo !” was ever a May so fine ?
 Why ?
 For its easy to find a rhyme

O merry the linnet and dove,
And swallow and sparrow and throstles, and have
your desire !

O merry my heart, you have gotten the wings of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens with a crown of
fire.

Why?

For its ay ay, ay ay.

WHEN.

Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.



“ A year hence, a year hence.”

 We shall both be gray.”

“ A month hence, a month hence.”

 “ Far, far away.”

“ A week hence, a week hence.”

 “ Ah, the long delay.”

“ Wait a little, wait a little,

 You shall fix a day.”

“ To-morrow, love, to-morrow,

 And that's an age away.”

Blaze upon her window, sun,

 And honour all the day

MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
 You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
 All my wooing is done.
Oh, the woods and the meadows,
 Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
 Meadows in which we met !
Light, so low in the vale
 You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morning of love,
 And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
 By meadow and stile and wood,
Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart.
 Into my heart and my blood !
Heart, are you great enough
 For a love that never tires ?
O heart, are you great enough for love ?
 I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
 Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
 Flash for a million miles